DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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THE OLDEST CITY OF THE WORLD.

Damascus is thought to be the oldest city of the world. The Jewish historian Josephus says it was founded by Uz, the grandson of Noah, and whether it dates so far back or not there is no doubt it was a place of importance in the days of Abraham. Our readers will remember Naaman's boastful answer to the prophet (2 Kings, v. 12), "are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?" At this day the Abana, commonly called the Barada, is the life of Damascus. It rises in the centre of the Anti-Lebanon mountain range, descends through a "sublime" ravine, enters a plain of great extent at an elevation of 2200 feet above the level of the sea, flows eastward for twenty miles and empties itself into a lake, which in the height of summer becomes a morass. On the banks of this river about a mile from the mouth stands Damascus. The river cuts the city in two, and its deep rapid current averages fifty feet wide. It is the Abana that has given the city its long life and never-dying prosperity. By a system of channels and pipes, many of them of great age, its waters are conveyed into every quarter and into almost every house. In addition canals are led off from it at different elevations above the city, and carried far and wide over the surrounding plain, converting what would otherwise be a parched desert into a paradise. The orchards, gardens, vineyards, and fields of Damascus cover a circuit of at least sixty miles, and they owe their almost unrivalled luxuriance to the Abana, which fertilizes a district upwards of three hundred square miles in extent, while Pharpar, which empties into the same morass, fertilizes one hundred more. The *Encyclopædia Britannica* describes the view of Damascus from the crest of Antilibanus as "scarcely surpassed in the world. The elevation is about 500 feet above the city, which is nearly two miles distant. The distance lends enchantment to the view, for while the peculiar forms of Eastern architecture do not bear close inspection they look like an Arabian poet's dream when seen from afar. Tapering minarets and swelling domes, tipped with golden crescents, rise from the white-terraced roofs; while in some places their glittering tops appear among the green foliage of the gardens. In the centre of the city stands the Great Mosque, and near it are the gray battlements of the old castle. Away in the south the eye follows a long suburb, while below the ridge on which we stand is the *Merj*, the *Ager Damascenus* of early travellers—a green meadow extending along the river from the mouth of the ravine to the city. The gardens and orchards which have been so long and so justly celebrated encompass the whole city, sweeping the base of the bleak hills, like a sea of verdure, and covering an area of more than 30 miles in circuit." The population is estimated at 150,000, of whom about 19,000 are Christians, some 8,000 belonging to the Greek church and an equal number to the Roman Catholic, 6,000 Jews and the rest Mohammedans. The principal street which runs through the city is called the *Via Recta* or "the street called Straight."

THE USELESS CLOCK.

"Big Ben," the great clock at Westminster, leads a busy, useful life. High up he holds his face, and stretches out his beautiful hands to tell the time. Not a moment does he stop to speak or play, as some children do when they should be at work. From morning to night, and when the great city is asleep, he still pursues his useful career. While long before the sun has risen, he still points to and chimes out the quickly passing hours.

There is another clock in the outside of an old country church which leads a very different life. It has no hands and cannot tell the time. But, strange, to say, it is wound up once a week, and then does nothing but say, "click, click," while no one is a bit the better of it.

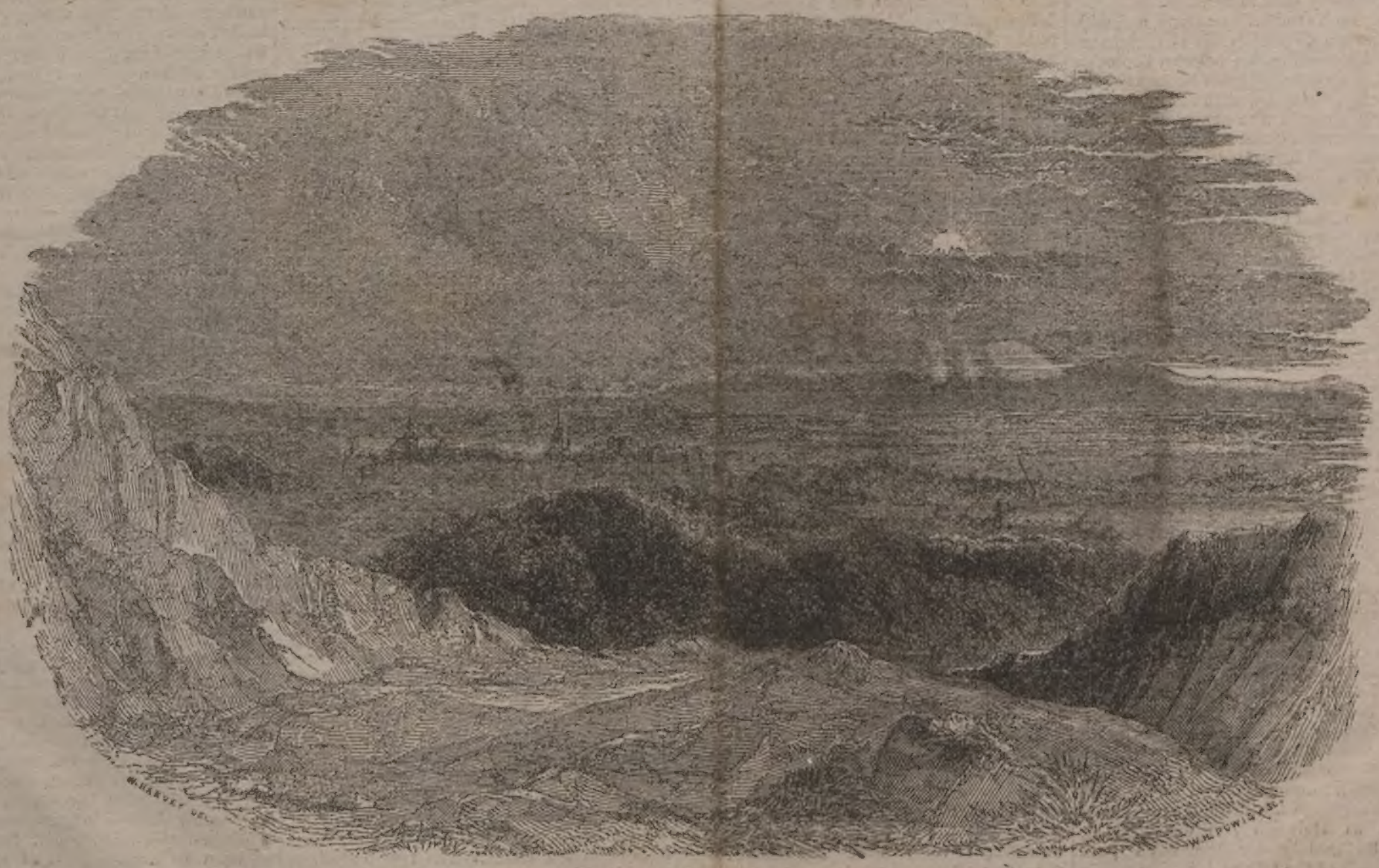
Now, while there are many leading a good, useful life, like "Big Ben," there are also some like that useless clock. Once a week, at church or Sunday-school, they get wound up; but it makes them no better. There life is just a useless "click, click." They never tell the time.

When the clock does not tell the time, there is something wrong with it. And when we do not lead a holy, useful Christian life, there is something wrong with us. That useless clock only needed, perhaps, a nice pair of hands to make it right; but we need a new heart to make us right.

A little boy once listened to an address on the new heart, which deeply impressed and interested him. On coming home, he told what he had heard to his younger sister. "And," he added "do you know, I believe I have got the new heart." "Oh," said the delighted little girl, "I am so glad; do show it to me."

"You may smile at the request of that child, yet she was not far wrong. All who have the new heart can show it by a new life. When we see any one striving to be like Jesus—holy, useful, making all around bright and glad by the sweetness of their life—feel sure that the secret of it is a new heart. "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me."—*The Christian.*

EXCESS generally causes reaction, and produces a change in the opposite direction, whether it be in the reasons, or in individuals, or in governments.—*Plato.*



DAMASCUS.

Temperance Department.

THE FIRST AND THE LAST.

It was a sad day for Robert when he stood beside his mother's open grave—sad it must be for any boy of fifteen to be deprived of motherly care, but peculiarly so in the case of Robert Wayne. He was an only child—full of mischievous pranks, and always restlessly searching and questioning—a craving for knowledge which if rightly directed might lead to glorious results; if perverted, God alone could tell the depth to which his eager soul would sink.

His mother had been like a sister to him; she was a bonny blue-eyed woman, full of laughter and song, and sometimes seemed but little older than Robert himself; but withal had a certain firmness and dignity which quickly subdued him when his fun ran too high. Now she was gone, where should he look for sympathy and comfort.

As the thought came, he glanced up at his father, who was now seated beside him in the carriage, which whirled them back to their lonely, desolate home. The face he looked into was grave and sweet, but oh, so deathly sad. Robert's eyes overflowed again, and he crept a chilly hand into his father's, which closed upon it with a clinging pressure. Looking down, surprised at the unwonted tenderness, Mr. Wayne caught sight of Robert's wet eyes, and his fatherly heart was deeply touched. He clasped his son closer to his side and held him there while he spoke fond, comforting words.

"My poor boy, I'll try to be father and mother both to you, now. I'm afraid I have hardly done my duty by you hitherto. I have been too fond of my books and experiments; too grave and quiet to suit your young ways. *She* was the one who could help you best—oh, my Father in heaven, it is a bitter, bitter loss!" and together their tears flowed freely, and their hearts were unconsciously comforted by companionship and sympathy.

The weeks crept by, and the household resumed its customary ways, only that a prim New England aunt took the mistress' place in the house. She was a good woman, but with little of youth or brightness about her, and so different from Robert's mother he could scarcely endure her.

Mr. Wayne, a student by nature, and with wealth enough to gratify his tastes, gradually buried himself in his beloved books, or spent whole days away from home at scientific meetings, where he, with others, gravely and patiently traced the genealogy of the flea, or constructed queer animals from some stray bone found imbedded in a rock.

Meanwhile, how did Robert spend his time? At first, innocently enough; in school by day, and over his books or with a friend in the evening; but by-and-by there came a change.

A young German of about eighteen came to board in the neighborhood. He had been at school in Leipsic, and had much to say about the wild pranks and carousals in which he and his mates were wont to indulge.

"Ach! Wayne," he would say, "you make me to laugh with your sour, solemn ways. Is it true that you know nothing of the delight of a room full of good comrades, each with pipe and mug? Ach, the stories they tell, the adventures they have! The room gets blue with smoke, and the beer and wine flow fast and free. Ach, then what jollity! You are stupid indeed, that you do not make use of your student-father's money to some purpose."

So he would talk, and Robert from listening began to covet—it is the same old story, which has endlessly repeated itself since the days of Eden and the apple.

Finally, one evening when time hung heavy on his hands, he consented to accompany his new friend, Heinrich, to the club of which he was a member. They were welcomed uproariously, and a corner of the table at which some half-dozen others were seated was arranged for them. Robert found all much as Heinrich had described it, though, fortunately for the boy's pure morals, much of the talk and jesting was in German, and so beyond his comprehension.

Meanwhile his father at home, sitting over his books, was aroused by unusual thought:

"I wonder what Robert is about? I really ought to give more time to the boy; I will go and find him now, and ask him if he would not like to take a walk this bright evening, before we go to bed; study has made me restless, and the fresh air will quiet me."

This idea had scarcely imprinted on the brain when he heard someone fumbling at the hall door. "How strange!" he said, and turning his head, he listened intently. The door finally opened, and steps—queer, unsteady, shuffling steps—came down the hall. Breathless with amazement and terror, he caught sight of Robert's reeling form through the half-open door, and felt as if a swift, hot knife had been plunged into his heart. His boy drunk! *Her* much-loved child sunk so low! Ah! God alone could measure that moment's agony.

As a drowning man sees all his past sins set in order before him, so he saw his past neglect, and felt his wife's reproachful eyes upon him; and then and there, before the reeling boy had time for more than a maudlin "Evenin', father; needn't look so scared—I ain't drunk!" he recorded a swift solemn vow that never again would he neglect his boy for *any* thing else.

Controlling his agitation he stepped forward.

"Ah, Robert, my boy, I'm glad to see you home again. Come, let us go up stairs now. It is late and we must go to bed."

The heat of the room had sent the liquor fumes to Robert's brain, and he was already sinking into a drunken sleep. Tenderly and quietly, that no one might be aroused, Mr. Wayne led his boy up stairs and helped him to bed; then sat beside him to watch his brutish slumbers.

Untiring, he sat there when Robert awoke next morning. He leaned over and asked kindly, "Do you feel better, my boy? You came home sick last night." Sick! One swift rush of thought, and Robert remembered it all. His cheeks flushed, his lips quivered, but he controlled his rising emotion.

"I have a terrible headache, and it does not seem as if I could sit up!" he answered in a weary, hopeless tone, for shame was overwhelming him with its bitter wave.

"All right, my boy, lie still awhile and I will bring you some breakfast. You will be better then."

Down stairs he went, and with his own hands brought back the toast and strong coffee, which would, perhaps, prove an antidote to the poison of last night.

Robert understood and appreciated the delicacy and consideration which made the father shield him from the curious household, but he was too filled with shame even to thank him. With downcast eyes and flushed cheeks he swallowed the toast and gulped down the bitter coffee, feeling as if he would be glad to crawl away from every one and die. But a thought came—no one could hide away from God, and how should he ever be able to meet his pure eyes if he could not even endure the loving gaze of his earthly father who, like himself, had often sinned and suffered? This thought was torture. Muttering something about being sleepy, he turned his face to the wall and "chewed the bitter cud" of his reflections. Oh! what would he not give to blot out last night's doings? And that despairing thought that confronts every sinner—that his sin can not be blotted out—that it *has been*, even though he may rain tears of repentant anguish, came over him with crushing force.

But here his father's voice, sweet with new and deep feeling, broke on his ears.

"Shall I read to you, Robert?"

The boy nodded wearily. But he started when the first words were uttered, slowly and clearly, "A certain man had two sons," for he recognized the parable of "The prodigal son." His father read to the very end, his voice trembling over the tenderest passages; then he closed the book, and with all a mother's gentleness, bent over and kissed his boy, and quietly stole from the room.

That was all, but it smote the boy's heart as Moses' rod smote the rock; tears of bitter feeling rushed from his eyes, and he moaned in his distress until, exhausted with weeping, he fell asleep.

That was the first and last time Robert ever became intoxicated. No actual reference was afterward made to that night by either father or son, but the tie which the former's tender forbearance had fastened to his boy's heart became the guiding line by which he kept him true and pure.

Heinrich wondered at the queer young American who had rather be with his father than any where else; but surely the mother must find heaven more blest if she can note the perfect sympathy and affection which exists between her dear ones upon earth.—*Southbridge Journal.*

TEACH THE CHILDREN.

Dr. J. G. Holland, the gifted author, and editor of *Scribner's Monthly*, whose death we chronicled recently, still speaks eloquently and effectively in the interest of temperance and the young in the following extract, heretofore published, but which will now be reread with interest:

"There is, probably, no hallucination so obstinate as that which attributes to alcoholic drink a certain virtue which it never possessed. After all the influences of the pulpit and the press, after all the warning examples of drunkenness and consequent destruction, after all the testimony of science and experience, there lingers in the average mind an impression that there is something good in alcohol, even for the healthy man. Boys and young men do not shun the wine-cup as a poisoner of blood and thought, and the most dangerous drug that they can possibly handle; but they have an idea that the temperance man is a fogy, or foe to a free, social life, whose practices are ascetic and whose warnings are to be laughed at and disregarded. Now in alcohol, in its various forms, we have a foe to the human race so subtle and so powerful that it destroys human beings by the million, vitiates all the processes of those who indulge in it, degrades morals, induces pauperism and crime in the superlative degree when compared with other causes, and corrupts the homes of millions.

"It is a cruel thing to send a boy out into the world untaught that alcohol in any form is fire and will certainly burn him if he puts it into his stomach. It is a cruel thing to educate a boy in such a way that he has no adequate idea of the dangers that beset his path. It is a mean thing to send a boy out to take his place in society without understanding the relations of temperance to his own safety and prosperity, and to the safety and prosperity, of society.

"What we want in our schools is to do away with the force of a pernicious example and a long cherished error by making the children thoroughly intelligent on this subject of alcohol. They should be taught the natural effect of alcohol upon the processes of animal life. (1.) They should be taught that it can add nothing whatever to the vital forces or to the vital tissues, that it never enters into the elements of structure, and that, in the healthy organism, it is always a burden or disturbing force. (2.) They should be taught that it invariably disturbs the operation of the brain, and that the mind can get nothing from alcohol of help that is to be relied upon. (3.) They should be taught that alcohol inflames the baser passions blunts the sensibilities, and debases the feelings. (4.) They should be taught that an appetite for drink is certainly developed by those who use it, which is dangerous to life, destructive of health of body and peace of mind, and in millions of instances ruinous to fortune and to all the high interests of the soul. (5.) They should be taught that the crime and pauperism of society flow as naturally from alcohol as any effect whatever naturally flows from its competent cause. (6.) They should be taught that drink is the responsible cause of most of the poverty and want of the world. So long as six hundred million dollars are annually spent for drink in this country, every ounce of which was made by the destruction of bread, and not one ounce of which has ever entered into the sum of national wealth, having nothing to show for its cost but diseased stomachs, degraded homes, destroyed industry increased pauperism, and aggravated crime, these boys should understand the facts and be able to act upon them in their first responsible conduct.

"The national wealth goes into the ground. If we could only manage to bury it without having it pass thitherward in the form of a poisonous fluid through the inflamed bodies of our neighbors and friends, happy should we be. But this great, abominable curse dominates the world. The tramp reminds us of it as he begs for a night's lodging. The widow and the fatherless tell us of it as they ask for bread. It scowls upon us from the hovels and haunts of the poor everywhere. Even the clean, hard-working man of prosperity cannot enjoy his earnings because the world is full of misery from drink. The more thoroughly we can instruct the young concerning this dominating evil of our time the better will it be for them and for the world."

[For the MESSENGER.

A BOYTRAP.

A boy-trap? what is that? we have read of man-traps; but what is a boy-trap? Read the following narrative and see.

A few years since I was remonstrating with a confirmed inebriate—one whom I had known from boyhood and I said to him; "Wellington, how is it that a boy brought up as you were by pious parents, and in the midst of churches and Sabbath-schools, learned to drink?" He replied, "M —— now I will tell you just how I learned to drink. Do you remember Smith that used to keep the big white tavern on the corner in the village some twenty years ago? when I was about twelve or fourteen years old, I with other neighbor boys would come down to the village of an evening, and we soon found our way into Smith's bar-room. It was not long, however, till Smith began to invite us into a back sitting-room, where he first brought on cards and dominoes and taught us to play; and then brought wine and beer and treated us till we liked it and wanted something stronger; there is how I learned to drink."

"But," said I, "can you not reform yet, can't you give it up?" He replied; "no, its too late I'm a goner!"

And this is what hundreds—yes thousands—of our licensed taverns are doing to-day! The traps are set—whose boy will be caught?

M. C.

WHISKEY AND THANKSGIVING.

We saw an advertisement in one of our daily papers the other morning, headed "Thanksgiving," offering for sale "fine whiskies" and other liquors. And in the same paper we saw the following, from the San Francisco *Alta*, which shows one of the things we have to be thankful for in connection with whiskey:

The Corwin, during her voyage to Alaska, landed on St. Lawrence Island, having orders to investigate the wholesale starvation of the natives. At the first village at which they landed all were dead; so also at the second, where fifty-four dead bodies were counted, nearly all full-grown males. At another place 150 persons—men, women and children—were dead. At the next settlement twelve dead bodies, and at the following thirty were found. All the inhabitants on the north side of the island, where whiskey traders sold liquor, are dead—not one escaping. The general starvation occurred two years ago last winter. Since then the presence of the Corwin in the Arctic has broken up this inhuman whiskey trading. The empty whiskey kegs are seen strewn all about. The total number of dead bodies found on St. Lawrence Island was over 600. The survivors say that the white traders from Honolulu sold whiskey which the natives bought, and got drunk, remaining so during the season for laying in their winter supply of walrus and seal.—*Chicago Standard.*

BRITISH "LORDS" are latterly being made of very poor material. The German and American *Brewers' Journal* mentions that "the trade [brewers and beer-sellers] will learn with pleasure that one of their number, Sir Dudley Coutts Majoribanks, the London brewer, has just been created a lord." It adds that "he is not the first brewer, however to reach the peerage, since Sir Arthur Guinness was last year made Lord Ardilaun. Very many English brewers, notably the Basses, have been knighted, created baronets, &c., but Sir Dudley is the first to rise to the House of Lords over the vats." We trust the day is not far distant when the public opinion will have become so enlightened concerning the evil influences and results of the beer-traffic as to recoil from the proposition to confer titles of special honor upon beer-makers and vendors.—*National Temperance Advocate.*

THE HOUSEHOLD.

POLITENESS IN THE HOME.

Children almost invariably follow as their parents lead. Their good breeding, their politeness, courtesy, respect and affection are largely patterned after the example of their parents. If the mother shows by her daily life that she looks up to the father with loving deference as the head of the family, and manifests unmistakable pleasure in seeking his comfort and assisting to carry out his wishes, the children will, in a large degree, follow her example. If the father invariably treats the mother with respect and courtesy quite as noticeable as he shows to his most esteemed guests, listening to any remarks or wishes of hers with deference, be sure the children will follow his lead. On the other hand, if they habitually notice that she meets him with impatience and repression, heedless of any of his wishes, or that he meets her with indifference nearly allied to rudeness or discourtesy, ridicules or sneers at her remarks, or passes them by as if not worthy of notice, does any one imagine that the children, even the youngest, will not see this, and from such daily examples soon practice what they find is so common? We remember reading or hearing of a father reproving his young son very strongly for "fretting" at his sister, and ordering him to leave the room. The child reluctantly obeyed, and just as he closed the door behind him looked back to his father defiantly, saying, "We don't call it that when you talk so to mamma." It is not the peace and happiness of one pair alone that depends upon the respect, courtesy and affection that should govern the whole life. But if carefully cultivated, or if wickedly neglected, the influence for good or evil branches out in many directions, and may be the salvation or ruin of many souls.—*Mrs. H. W. Beecher, in Christian Union.*

HOW TO DO UP SHIRT-BOSOMS.

Take two tablespoonfuls best starch, add a very little water to it, rub and stir with a spoon into a thick paste, carefully breaking all the lumps and particles. Add a pint of boiling water, stirring at the same time; boil half an hour, stirring occasionally to keep it from burning. Add a piece of enamel the size of a pea; if this is not at hand, use a tablespoonful of gum-arabic solution (made by pouring boiling water upon gum-arabic and standing until clear and transparent), or a piece of clean mutton tallow half the size of a nutmeg and a teaspoonful of salt will do, but is not as good. Strain the starch through a strainer or a piece of thin muslin. Have the shirt turned wrong side out; dip the bosoms carefully in the starch and squeeze it out, repeating the operation until the bosoms are thoroughly and evenly saturated with starch; proceed to dry. Three hours before ironing dip the bosoms in clean water; wring out and roll up tightly. First iron the back by folding it lengthwise through the centre; next iron the wrist-bands, and both sides of the sleeves; then the collar-band; now place the bosom-board under the bosom, and with a dampened napkin rub the bosom from the top toward the bottom, smoothing and arranging each plait neatly. With smooth, moderately hot flat-iron, begin at the top and iron downward, and continue the operation until the bosom is perfectly dry and shining. Remove the bosom-board, and iron the front of the shirt. The bosom and cuffs of shirts, indeed, of all nice, fine work, will look clearer and better if they are first ironed under a piece of thin old muslin. It takes off the first heat of the iron, and removes any lumps of starch.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

CHILDREN'S PETS AND PLAYMATES.

"My little girl is so lonely. She is always wishing she had a sister," said Mrs. Ramsay, a new comer in the club. "I have consented to let her have a kitten to play with, though I have an antipathy to animals about the house."

"I think the care of pets is a part of children's education which should never be neglected," said Mrs. Mayfield. "I have recently been reading a book on the Duties of Women by Frances Power Cobbe, in which she speaks very earnestly about the cruelty of neglecting the comfort of birds, rabbits or other domestic pets. A child who undertakes to keep a pet of any kind should feel responsible for it; and the fact that it must be fed at a certain time every day, have its little house or bed kept fresh and clean, and have water provided for its thirst, has a great deal to do in cultivating habits of thoughtful kindness in a young person."

"I like that expression,—thoughtful kindness," said Mrs. Miniver. "There is a great deal of impulsive kindness which springs from good intentions, or quick emotions, but the kindness which tells on other lives is thoughtful. It is individual in its character, and it flows on in a steady course."

"Suppose, ladies," said Miss Du Pressence, "that a boy takes a fancy to bring in an odious little black-and-tan terrier into the house.

"Odious!" said Mrs. Lee, who is devoted to dogs; but Miss Du Pressence did not heed the exclamation.

"Suppose I say he brings in one of those wretched little snapping things, or has a flock of pigeons, or a colony of white mice, or a squirrel, or a parrot, or a turtle, or a monkey, and his parents dislike the whole troublesome tribe,—have they no rights? Is master John to rule the house, because he is a boy and needs something to make him happy at home?"

"The last consideration, dear Miss Du Pressence, is a very important one in the eyes of most mothers," said Mrs. Miniver. "The number and the nature of pets, it is within the power of parents to control; but if they are rigid and selfish, and repress the young life of their children, and decline to let them have any special objects which may make home interesting to them, they need not be surprised if their children find attractions elsewhere. A virtue may be carried so far that it becomes a vice, and the over-cleanliness of some mothers, the over-nicety of some housekeepers has driven boys and young men into resorts of temptation and sin."

"Don't you think that there is a middle ground?" said Mrs. Rutherford, "and that children may keep their pets within bounds, and select those which are agreeable to their parents?" "Of course," said Aunt Betty, "common sense regulates that. Nobody wants pigeons in the parlor, nor cats and dogs under their feet. Let there be a place for the pets. And let the children learn to treat every living thing about them with downright love, from the horses and cows to the chickens and pigs. Even pigs are interesting from some points of view."

"Children's associates are far more of a worry to me than their pets," said Mrs. Raymond, a lady with a care-worn face. "I do so want to bring up mine in entire ignorance of evil, and I try to keep them under my own eye constantly, yet do what I will, they sometimes hear and see what I regret."

"They are always under God's eye, dear friend," said Mrs. Miniver tenderly. "And it seems to me that His way is not just like yours. 'I pray not,' said the Master, 'that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from evil.' To learn to resist evil is a nobler thing than to be forever kept away from it."

"But my husband says that a little boy always takes some other and bigger boy as his model, and my darling Freddie certainly tries to swagger and strut just like Tim Rooney, the washerwoman's boy, who brings home the clothes."

"You see," said Aunt Betty, "it is the strength and freedom of Tim Rooney that he admires. You should send him to school, and let him have a choice of big boys. Then he would find out that little gentlemen may be brave and bright as well as the little fellows of a lower class."

"I encourage my children," said Mrs. Jameson, "to bring their little friends to their home, and though I never act the spy, or appear to be watching them, I become well acquainted with the little visitors, and I never let an acquaintance ripen into intimacy, unless I am persuaded that it will be a benefit to my children. I prefer that other mothers should exercise the same guardianship over their dear ones. We are all more or less modified by the friendships we form, and I cannot let my daughters or my sons have any close friendships with young people whom I do not know.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

GRAHAM BREAD.—Take two quarts of Graham and one of white flour; half a cup of yeast; one scant tablespoonful of salt; half a cup of brown sugar, and warm water enough to make a stiff batter, and when well mixed let it rise. It will rise in a warm place in four hours if your yeast is good, and must therefore be left in rather a cool place if left to rise "over night." When risen, mix with it a teaspoonful of saleratus, dissolved in warm water, and flour enough to shape it into loaves; but be careful not to get it too stiff. Let it rise again for half an hour, and bake slowly a little more than an hour. Make the loaves small. Boston Brown Bread is a delicacy not easily obtained out of New England. First, good rye meal must be found (a difficult matter in some places). Into a quart of rye meal and a quart of yellow corn meal put one tablespoonful of salt, half a cup of molasses, two teaspoonfuls of well dissolved saleratus, and wet the mixture with sour milk till it is a stiff batter. It must be well mixed. Put it in a "hat" pudding-dish, well buttered, and steam five hours at least. Fifteen minutes before serving turn the loaf from the "hat," and set it into a hot oven to give it a little crust. This is the substance of the rule followed in our kitchen to the great satisfaction of the family and our guests. Some judgment is needed in respect to the quantity of salt and saleratus. It will not hurt the bread to steam longer than five hours, but it must not be defrauded of a moment of that time. Use it hot in the loaf for the first meal. Cut it in slices, browned and buttered, for a second. Use the crust and dry pieces boiled into brewis for a third.

HOW TO MAKE TEA.—Hard water makes the most delicious tea, as it dissolves less of the tannin and gives the cup a more delicate flavor. And given with hard water there is a wide difference between wells located near together. But even the same quality of water, and a difference in the manipulation will make to a sensitive taste a total change in the character of the beverage. There is not one tea-kettle out of a hundred that in its present condition is fit to boil water for a cup of tea. Let our reader go home to-night and inspect his own outfit, and he will verify our statement. He will find the interior of his kettle encrusted with the mineral deposits extracted from the water boiled in it from morning until night of each succeeding day. As the water is "clean," the cook but empties and fills the kettle, never thinking of the growing crust that must now be scraped off if the kettle is to be cleaned. Water that has stood after boiling will not make a good cup of tea, and yet how often the tired laborer, mechanic, merchant, doctor, or lawyer has tried to solace himself with a beverage made from water containing the debris of that which has stood all day on the range, being only filled as often as any addition was needed. Take a clean kettle never used for anything else, fill it with fresh water, the harder the better, boil quickly over a very hot fire, and pour as soon as it boils upon the tea leaves fresh from the canister. Let it stand four or five minutes, and then drink.—*Exchange.*

TAPIOCA PUDDING.—Pare and slice fine apples to half fill a small, deep, pudding dish, scatter over them about a teaspoonful of cinnamon, sugar enough to sweeten the apple, one-half cup, unless the apples are very sour, ought to be enough, and a little salt; pour a little cold water on four heaping tablespoonfuls of tapioca, add one pint of boiling water, and let it stand one hour; pour over the apples and bake, being careful that the mixture does not fill your dish full, or it will boil over in the oven and you will lose some of the best of it. Serve with a hard sauce made as follows: Take two tablespoonfuls of butter, one-half cup of granulated sugar, grate on a little nutmeg, and work well together with a spoon.

BAKED APPLE DUMPLINGS.—Peel the apples, take out the core, and fill full of sugar, make a crust as for rich cream biscuit, divide it in pieces large enough to cover each apple separately, roll it about a quarter of an inch thick, place the apples on and bring the edges together the same as in any other dumplings. Place them side by side in a pudding pan, spread butter and sugar over them, and pour boiling water to about half cover the dumplings. Put them in the oven and cook moderately fast until they are nicely browned. Eaten with cream.

PEANUT CANDY.—One cup of molasses, one cup of sugar; boil until it will be brittle when cold; stir in half a pint of peanuts just before taking it off the stove. Cut it in squares before it is cool enough to break.

CEMENT FOR PAPER LABELS.—Shellac dissolved in alcohol is a good cement to make paper labels adhere to tin. The varnish should be tolerably thick.

PUZZLES.

A CHARADE.

Though quite devoid of heart,
My first does not withhold
From him who seeks, a draught
Of water, pure and cold.

Although my second may
To you be very near,
It does not follow that
It is both near and dear.

When purple is the grape,
And leaves grow sere and old,
In browning fields my whole
Displays its sphere of gold.

DIAMOND.

* A consonant.
* * * A wheel.
* * * * * An animal in the east.
* * * A verb.
* A consonant.

FOURTEEN DIFFERENT FRUITS.

The above are found in different climes. Clemona appeared; a cur ran to meet her. Was it in love or anger? In her lap plenty to help each. Ned ate much. At the Hub Anan, as well as Sara, is in school. If I go I shall see Quin. Celia sews and Jep lumbers. Joe is an archer, Ryan also.

COMPOUND DOUBLE ACROSTIC,

1. Value. 2. Part of ancient Greece. 3. A gem. 4. An iron frame used by printers to confine types. 5. Of a light-brown color.

Primals—To enchant.

Finals—The filbert.

Primals and finals connected.—A shrub.

EASY SQUARE WORDS.

No. 1. Prepared meat; a positive verb; a verb in the past tense.

No. 2. Completion; to handle for a purpose; human beings.

BURIED FAMILIAR SURNAMES.

1. I really do not know which illness is the worst—malaria, dyspepsia, or the blues.

2. How I love my precious little Jo, nestling so confidingly in my bosom.

3. "What do you think of the woman's Rightsism?" "It heralds perhaps a new era of freedom for the weaker sex."

4. "Although it may agree not with the high mightiness of the sterner sex."

5. There is a story going about that the moon is made of green cheese.

6. Your friend's mind, tho' well-balanced, apparently seems to me to be somewhat one-sided upon some questions.

7. I heard father lecturing Bob on dancing so often with one pretty girl; but he was laughing the while.

8. In the late railway accident there was a car terribly broken up, and few of the passengers escaped bad wounds.

9. Your angry mastiff is having a bad fight with that poor little cur. Please call him off.

10. My friend Tom can imitate the dove's low, tender "coo" perfectly.

11. Poor baby, having lost her doll, is full of grief. It charmed her young heart and there seems to be no consolation possible.

12. "Who is this J. S. you are speaking of, Tom?" "He was an officer in the late war. During the whole campaign he was noted for his bravery.

13. It was a battle between us; but, tho' master of the situation, I charitably gave way, for the sake of peace.

14. Hearing a violent scream, I went out of doors and found a large bee besieging little Frankie, as if in revenge for his curiosity.

15. At some of the most prominent stores they sell a neat dress at a very low price.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF FEBRUARY 15.

Charade.—Warlock.

Rebus.—Over-d-a-te.

Transpositions.—Regal, glare, large, lager.

Half-Word-Square.—

LOBELIA
OLIVET
BIPED
EVEN
LED
IT
A

Transposed Proverb.—Though thou shouldest bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him.—Prov. 27: 22.

Beheaded Rhymes.—1, still—till—ill. 2, plash—lash—ash. 3, crash—rash—ash. 4, scream—cream—ream.

Charades.—1, cork-screw. 2, toad-stool. 3, jack-knife. 4, fish-hook. 5, tea-pot. 6, beeswax. 7, grass-hopper. 8, saw-horse. 9, clothes-pin. 10, mouse-trap.

Enigma.—A rolling stone gathers no moss.

HOW MUCH.

There is a terrible significance in the questions we sometimes ask upon the death of a wealthy man, if we only understood the real significance of the questions. "How much was he worth?" we ask. And the angels might reply: "Worth? He wasn't worth anything. His money was worth something. His body was worth something, as a source of fertility to the soil. But he wasn't worth anything." So we vary the question: "Yes, but how much did he leave?" "Oh, leave;" it might be answered: "Yes, I will tell you He had houses, lots, bonds, stocks, gold, notes, merchandize, farms. And he left—great God! he left them all. He carried nothing with him. Naked and destitute came he into the world, and as naked and destitute did he go the way whence he came. He carried nothing; neither land, nor money, nor yet did he carry with him the blessing of the poor, the grateful tears of an orphan, the benediction of the poor. He left all—he carried nothing away with him."

But his neighbor died; a man who was not known on change nor in the tax list. "And what has he left?" we may, perhaps, curiously ask. "Left? he has left nothing; but he has taken much with him. He has gone to heaven laden with the blessings and gratitude of the poor, of the helpless, of the young, of the aged, of the widow, of the friendless; of these whom he, by his counsels, and his acts, and his prayers, had blessed; of those whose poverty he had relieved, whose ignorance he had enlightened, whose darkness he had dispelled, whose bodies and whose souls he had fed." When Wilberforce died, Daniel O'Connell said: "He has gone up to heaven, bearing a million broken fetters in his hands." Happy he, whatever he may leave, or not leave, on earth, who goes thus freighted into the other world.—*Monthly Cabinet.*

OUTLINE DRAWING LESSON.

THE NEWS-BOY.

Whilst the mail train was standing at one of our provincial market towns, a bright-looking boy, with his box of well-arranged books and papers, came marching along the platform, crying, "Morning papers and nice books for sale! Who will buy, please?"

I purchased a paper, and then asked him: "Do you sell papers on the Sabbath, my young friend?"

"Oh no, sir, I would not do that. My mother would not let me on any account sell on Sunday I could get a place, sir, where Sunday papers are taken out and where I should make two shillings a week more than I do here, but mother says, 'No my boy, money made by Sunday work cannot have God's blessing.'"

Many boys, who were once promising Sunday scholars, have been tempted by the offer of "higher wages" to accept places—with Sunday work—in newsshops, telegraph-offices, railway-stations, and on steamboats. In too many cases, alas! the boys have been encouraged by their parents to violate God's law and sacrifice conscience. Our country needs more sterling fathers as well as mothers, who will tell their sons, when asked to work on the Lord's-day—"My boys, how can money made by Sunday work have God's blessing?" "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy," is God's command, and we should love to obey it.—*Band of Hope Review*

THE BALKY HORSE.

"Uncle Eddie has a new horse," said Charlie. "He is a beauty, but they are afraid they will have to sell him."

"Why?" inquired his sister Ellen.

"Oh, he has one very provoking fault. He takes a notion now and then, that he won't go, and he stands stock still, in the road, or by the bridge, just wherever he happens to be. Yesterday he kept uncle waiting a half hour, before he would start."

"A balky horse is bad," said Ellen, "but I do not know that he is so bad as a balky boy. And I think I've seen Charlie keep us waiting sometimes, when he was sullen or cross, even longer than a half hour before he would consent to do his duty. But we cannot sell our Charlie!"

"No," the boy replied, smiling: but Charlie can see how wrong and foolish such conduct is, and make up his mind to do better. As for poor Selim, he has only the mind of a horse, and I'm afraid he'll never do any better. —*Child's Paper.*

MY OWN BIBLE.

In Germany the idea of a Bible for every member of the family old enough to read is one which, even in Protestant districts, is rarely entertained. Were this idea to be realized, without distinction of creed, more than thirty millions of whole Bibles would be required, and there are not as many as ten millions in the whole country. But one day one of our colporteurs found three sisters who held this opinion very strongly and this is what happened.

A gentleman bought a Bible for one of his daughters. Her younger sisters said, "I should like one too." The father consented, and bought another copy. But there was a third sister, who exclaimed "Father, I ought also to have a Bible." The father said, "No, no, two are enough. The next time the man comes you shall have one." I smiled, and said, "Very well, I will come again to-morrow," and left. I had not gone forty yards when I heard myself called. The father had thought better of it, and the three sisters had each her own Bible.—*Bible Society Report.*

A CHURCH GOING DOG.

We may not go to the dogs to learn lessons of religious truth, but when the dog has any devotional habits he follows them with such persistent regularity as to be an example to human beings. Instance the case of a British poodle belonging to a gentleman who lives near quaint old Chester. This animal is in the habit of not only going to church, but remaining quietly in the pew during the service, whether his master is there or not. On Sunday the dam at the head of the lake in that neighborhood gave way, so that the whole road was inundated. The congregation, in consequence, consisted of a few who came from some cottages, close by, but nobody attended from the house of the owner of the dog. The clergyman stated that while reading the Psalms he saw his friend, the poodle, come slowly up the aisle, dripping with wet, having swam abuot a quarter of a mile to get to church. He went as usual, into the pew, and remained to the end of the service.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

A RICH LEGACY.

Patrick Henry, a great statesman of Virginia, before he died, made a will bequeathing all his property to his relatives; and at the close he wrote this true and grand sentiment: "There is one thing more I wish I could leave you all, the religion of Jesus Christ—with this, though you had nothing else you could be happy, without this, though you had all things else you could not be happy."

IF YOU WOULD RELISH FOOD, labor for it before you take it; if you would enjoy clothing pay for it before you wear it; and if you would sleep soundly, take a clear conscience to bed with you.

STORIES ABOUT CATS.

My dear children, we often hear it said that cats and dogs hate each other Such is not the case. The owners of dogs are chiefly to blame, for they generally teach the animals cruelly to fly at every cat that comes in their way. I have heard many very interesting stories of dogs and cats being great friends, of which the following is one:—

There had been a change of servants in a large establishment. The new cook begged that she might be permitted to take her favorite dog. The request was granted, and the dog took up his residence in the kitchen, to the disgust of Mistress Puss, who felt insulted by a stranger and a dog being permitted to enter her special domain. In time, however, she mastered her dislike, and the two became fast friends. At last the cook left the family, taking her dog with her. After an absence of some months she resolved, on visiting her former companions, to take her dog with her. Puss was in the room when the dog entered, and she sprang forward to welcome him. She then ran out of the room and quickly returned, carrying in her mouth her own dinner, which she laid down before her old friend, and stood purring beside him while he ate the dinner with which she so kindly entertained her visitor.

"What a pretty picture the cat entertaining the dog would have made!" said Jane.

"Yes, my dear. Many pretty pictures might be made from the stories about cats. Here is one, for instance:—

"Two cats took up their abode in a farmer's barn, where no doubt they were able to find a plentiful supply of food. These cats formed a strong friendship for each other. After dwelling together for some time, it so happened that both of the cats were favored with a progeny of kittens. You may guess that both of them were very proud and careful of their young families. After a few days, when the little kittens were able to use their eyes, they began to run about, One day both families contrived to wander into a lane, where they might possibly be injured by passing vehicles. One of the mothers, seeing this, lifted her kittens, one by one, and conveyed them away to a place of safety. Only one kitten was left, and it belonged to her friend. She did not touch it, but ran off to seek for its mother, whom, as soon as she found, she brought with her to the kittens, and waited until it had been placed out of danger."

"Why do you think, aunt, the cat did not lift its friend's kitten and carry it away?" asked Mary.

"I suppose it wished to teach its mother a lesson not to leave her little ones to wander about by themselves."

"Do you believe then, aunt," said Mary, "that cats can talk to each other?"

"I do not believe they can talk as we talk, but I feel certain that cats, dogs, horses, and many other animals can convey information to each other. Watch a cock when he is strutting proudly among his hens. His eyes catches sight of some dainty crumb, he utters a peculiar sound, and the hens rush toward him to pick up the treat: or watch a hen when her chickens get straggling about the yard—with a single cry she brings them under her protecting wings. The wild deer give warning to each other of the approach of man. In short, in some way unknown to us, animals are able to communicate their wants and wishes to each other.

"I am indebted to the Rev J G Wood—who has written so many delightful books, and told so many amusing and instructive stories about animals—for the following incident:—

"In a chateau of Normandy lived a favorite cat which was plentifully supplied with food and had grown fat and sleek on her luxurious fare; indeed, so bounteously was her plate supplied that she was unable to consume the entire amount of provision that was set before her. This superabundance of food seemed to weigh upon her mind; and one day, before her dinner-time she set off across the fields, and paid a visit to a little cottage near the roadside, where lived a very lean cat. The two animals returned to the chateau in company, and after the feline hostess had eaten as much dinner as she desired, she relinquished the remainder in favor of her friend. The kind-hearted proprietor of the chateau seeing this curious act of hospitality, increased the daily allowance of meat, and offered an ample meal for both cats. The improved diet soon exerted its beneficial effects on the lean stranger, who speedily became nearly as sleek and plump as her hostess. In this improved state of matters she could not eat as much as when she was half. starved and ravenous with hunger, and so after the two cats had dined there was still an overplus. In order to avoid waste, and urged by the generosity of her feelings, the hospitable cat set off on another journey, and fetched another lean cat from a village at a league's distance. The owner of the chateau being desirous to know how the matter would end, continued to increase the daily allowance, and had at last, as pensioners of his bounty, nearly twenty cats, which had been brought from various houses in the surrounding country. Yet however hungry these daily visitors might be, none of them touched a morsel until their hostess had finished her own dinner.

"Miss 'Pret' acted in a similar manner. She struck up a friendship with a cat residing in the same town. She took great compassion on her friend because she was fed on cat's-meat, an objectionable kind of food for cats in Pret's judgment. So she used to take the objectionable meat, bury it in the cellar, and then share her own dinner with her friend. She was also in the habit of summoning a perfect levee of cats in the yard and entertaining them in a hospitable manner,"—*Family Friend.*

CAT ENTERTAINING HER OLD FRIEND.

A SUDDEN CONVERSION.

A Kaffir, who had heard but never heeded the words of Christian teaching, crept into a stock-yard one night in Cape Colony, and took away a farmer's horse. As he was riding the animal away, the words suddenly came to him "Thou shalt not steal."

He dismounted and held the horse by the bridle an hour, debating whether to keep on or go back. "I heard the Christian teachers say that," he thought. "Those must be the words of God."

He finally returned the stolen horse, and went home a true penitent, resolved to serve God. And he kept his resolution.

"WITH ME."—You know the story of the Kaffir Christian who could not find time, before his conversion even on the Lord's Day, for anything but secular work. When he was converted he was never absent from the service, even on a week-night. When some of his old friends upbraided him with his former words, he said, "I will tell you the secret. Before my conversion there was just one of us at work; now there are two always together—myself and Christ. So I easily get through my work."

The Family Circle.

TALKING IT OVER.

BY L. C. WARNER.

Five little people had been to walk,
  Some one way and some another,
And at night, as they toasted their ten little feet
Round the fire, a voice that was always sweet
  Said, "What did you see? Tell mother."

Then Tom, by birthright, began: "I heard
  The merriest sleigh-bells ring,
And there was the least little mite of a sleigh,
And a little bay pony so chipper and gay.
The boy that drove must be happy all day,
  As happy as any king."

Next Bess, the brownie: "O, mother, I saw,
  In a window so large and clear,
A bird in a cage all gold and blue,
And over and round it long vines grew,
And lovely roses and fuchsias too.
  How I wanted it, mother dear!"

And Fan—what caught her longing eyes
  Was a wonderful, wonderful doll,
With flowing curls of yellow hair,
And a smiling face so soft and fair,
And a spangled dress as light as air,
  Fit for Cind'rella's ball.

Then Harry—dear little fat, round Hal,
  (Sometimes called Roly Poly)—
What did he see but a gorgeous sled,
With a flying horse in flaming red,
And its name, all yellow, was, "Go Ahead."
  "O, mother, I tell you 'twas jolly!"

And now it was Birdie's turn: "Mamma,
  I heard a faint little 'kee,'
And there was a dear little, poor little kitty,
Just shivering with cold, and O, so pretty!
Nobody owned her in all the city;
  So I've brought her to live with me."

Then mother said softly, "Good night, my dears,"
  With whispers of this and that;
And kisses many, for sweet refrain,
Were given over and over again,
Till they all went off with their wishes vain
  But Birdie, who carried her cat.

—*Wide Awake.*

AMY'S PROBATION.

By the Author of "Glaucia," &c.

CHAPTER V.—VAIN RESISTANCE.

Amy did not pay much attention to the reading at breakfast time. She was hungry, and not at all inclined to find fault with the good plain food set before her, but she could see that Milly was dreadfully disappointed that nothing but stale bread, hominy, and porridge was set upon the table. It was a comfort to her to see her sister eat her breakfast with some appetite, and when it was over, and she was summoned to attend Sister Catharine to unpack her trunk, she felt almost happy at the thought of having Florie to herself for a few minutes.

"My darling, how did you sleep?" she whispered, slipping her arm round Florie's waist, as they followed the lay sister to the box room.

But Florie had been told that such endearments, even between sisters, were against the true obedience taught here, and she seemed half afraid of Amy's demonstrative affection.

But Amy was too pleased to notice this now, and they had soon reached the end of the corridor, and pointed out which was their trunk to Sister Catharine, who was waiting to receive them.

The box was soon unlocked, and Amy, who was determined to unpack for herself, was kneeling in front, lifting the things out, when Sister Catharine interrupted her.

"This is your sister's box, I suppose," she said, pointing to the other trunk.

"No, our things are all together in both," said Amy. "Mamma thought we should have a room to ourselves, and so she packed them as she thought would be most convenient for us. That trunk is half full of books."

"Books!" uttered the nun; "you do not want books."

"O, but we do," said Amy, and then she proceeded to lift out a pile of clothes and hand them to Florie. "Those are yours, dear," she said. "Will you take them to your room?"

"Put them down, Miss Florence. I must give out your clothes as you need them, and you do not need all these at once," said Sister Catharine, and she came to the side of the trunk to inspect what Amy was lifting out. "You only need one garment of each sort," she said, as she lifted one from the pile Amy had laid out.

Amy stared as the nun put these aside, saying, "These can go back in the trunk again."

"May we not do as we like with our own clothes?" demanded Amy.

"Yes, certainly, Miss Curtis, but you are here to learn obedience, and it must be learned in little things first if it is to be practised in greater by and by.

"But—but not to have my own clothes," said Amy, almost crying with vexation.

Florie came to her side to speak a word of comfort. "Never mind, Amy; what does it matter where our clothes are kept? I'm sure I don't care."

"Well, I do, and I don't like it, and I shall write and tell mamma and Uncle John to fetch us home."

Amy quite intended to carry out the threat, and so the further unpacking of this trunk was a matter of indifference to her; but she would have a few books out of the other, she thought, and so, leaving the first trunk to Florie and Sister Catharine, she unlocked the other, and proceeded to lift out first their winter dresses, and then the books that were underneath them.

"It is a pity to touch those books," said the lay sister, who was there to assist.

"I am going to take these to my room," said Amy, lifting out a pile of her Sunday-school lesson books and papers, and placing her Bible at the top.

Sister Catherine calmly laid her hand upon Amy's shoulder. "You are here to learn obedience, my child, and we must have proof that you are willing to learn the holy lesson we strive to teach; and so we make rules that to you may seem strange, but they are wise and good, and we say you must obey them whether you understand or not."

"But what has that to do with my books?" asked Amy, looking from them to the nun's calm face.

"The rule of our house is that nothing but one suit and one set of clothes is allowed in the bedrooms."

"But—but where am I to keep my books, and my desk and work-box?" asked Amy.

"The paper and pens can be taken to your class room, and put in your own desk there. They will be quite safe, and you will always write your letters there. The work-box you have little need for. You may take out a few needles and a spool of cotton, and any thing further you may want I will give you."

"But the books?" said Amy, in a tone of despair.

"They must go back into the box. Put them in at once, Miss Curtis; I have no wish to touch them," said the nun, in a tone which Amy knew she dare not disobey.

"I don't know what I am to do if you take my books away from me," said Amy, almost crying again.

"I do not take them from you. They are in your own charge—in your own trunk; you can lock it yourself and take the key with you."

"May I come here and get the books when I want them?" asked Amy.

Sister Catharine stared as she heard the bold question. "This room is always locked," she said, "and will not be opened again for some weeks, I hope."

"Then I must have my Bible," said Amy, making a sudden dash for it, as the lid of the trunk was about to close.

Sister Catharine set it wide open again. "I must send for the Spiritual Mother, Miss Curtis," she said.

"But why may I not have my own Bible? Everybody believes in that."

"Of course we do," said Sister Catharine calmly; "we prize it so much that we are anxious to teach wilful girls the true devotion the Bible itself teaches."

"Then why may I not have it to learn this true devotion for myself?" asked Amy.

"Because you are not capable of learning it unaided; because, through the mistakes that have been made in its translation, and from other causes, it is not a safe book to be placed in the hands of the unlearned—of any, in fact, but those ordained and commissioned by the Church to teach its true meaning. Did you ever hear it was taught in the Bible that young girls knew better what was good for them than those who, being older and wiser, were set over them?"

"Oh, Amy, do give it up!" said Florie, in a tearful whisper. "I am afraid we have been too fond of having our own way in everything, and would not learn the true obedience, and that is why papa has been taken away."

Amy kissed her sister tenderly, but still held fast to her Bible. "I am not sure that I ought to give it up at all," she said.

"If you have learned anything from it while you have had it, you must know that it teaches young people to obey those who are set over them. I am afraid you have learned little good from it, or you would not cause this unseemly strife by setting up your will against the rules of this holy house."

Amy remembered with a sudden pain the temper she had shown the previous night and again this morning. The nun was right, she thought; she had given little proof of that gentle meekness she had set herself to learn, and, with a downcast look, she placed the Bible in the trunk again, locked it slowly and tearfully, and then silently carried the few clothes she was allowed to retain to her own room.

Florie took her share, and now for the first time the sisters knew where each other was sleeping.

The few clothes were soon placed in the drawers, and then the lay sister took them to the school room.

Once in the school room, and engaged upon her lessons, Amy soon forgot her various causes of annoyance, and felt almost vexed when the bell rang a short time afterward for them to go to the playground.

This was divided into three portions, not by a wall or hedge, but by two paths, and up and down each of these walked two lay sisters to watch that the classes did not mix during play-time. Amy felt disconsolate enough when she saw this arrangement. It had been disregarded the day before, because they had not returned to discipline, but now the rules were strictly enforced, and many of the girls stood about looking wistfully across at friends on the other side of the intersecting paths, or casting angry glances at the sentinels, who were constantly walking back and forth.

Amy stood still, watching Florie walking up and down with her room-mate and another girl. She was looking tearful and unhappy, and the girls seemed to be talking earnestly, but Amy could not hear what was said, but she comforted herself with the thought that this state of things would not last long. She would write to her mother upon the first opportunity, and until she could come and fetch them she must wait, and be as patient as she could.

She thought over all that had happened during the last few hours, and blamed herself very bitterly for the impatience and ill temper she had shown. Sister Catharine might well ask how much she had profited by reading the Bible, when she saw so little proof of its having made her gentle and patient and forbearing. How she wished she might run up stairs now, and pour out her trouble to her Father in heaven, who is ever ready to hear the cry of the weakest of his children. But no one was allowed to leave the playground until recreation time was over, so Amy lifted up her heart in silent prayer for a minute, standing where she was.

She was roused from this the next minute by seeing Milly enter by another door and dash across her own allotment of the playground to her side.

"Amy, Amy, I won't put up with it!" she cried, regardless of all eyes being turned upon her.

"They have taken your books away, I suppose," said her cousin.

"My books and pictures and dresses, and every pretty thing I brought with me, and Augusta told me we were treated like ladies. I call it shameful to treat girls like this," and Milly burst into a storm of angry sobs and tears.

The sentinels on duty evidently thought they had better ignore her presence for a little while, until this had somewhat subsided, and so she was allowed to pour out her griefs unrestrainedly to her cousin.

It seemed that Milly had been bent upon having the prettiest bedroom in the convent, and had brought pictures and photographs and little brackets and vases, and all these trifles in which her soul delighted had been consigned to the trunks again, Sister Catharine actually making her put back with her own hands those she had insisted upon taking out.

A group of girls had gathered around to hear the outpouring of Milly's trouble, and each tried to say something to soothe and comfort her,

"We all have to go through it in turn," said one.

"Sister Catharine gets used to all sorts of heroics of that sort over the first unpacking," said another.

"You see it is of no use doing either the pathetic or the passionate here, we've all got to be formed on the same model, and we may as well take it quietly, and let the good sisters have their way, for they will have it in spite of everything, you may be sure of that."

"Good sisters, indeed!" repeated Milly, indignantly. "I don't call them good; they are a set of artful, deceitful, wicked women, that's what they are!" and she darted a furious glance at the two placid-looking sentinels who were silently pacing up and down the path close by.

"Hush, hush," said one or two warningly.

"I don't care, I won't hush, they shall know what I think of them before I go—mean, suspicious, hateful things!"

"Come, Milly, don't call names," said Amy. "I don't like the place or the people a bit, but I cannot say that I think them wicked. Everything is so different from what we have ever been used to that—"

"Yes, that's it," interrupted another girl. "Nobody ever likes it at first, but we get used to it, and don't mind after a little while."

"If I could only see Augusta," sighed Milly.

"We don't see much of the novices except in chapel, and those who teach music."

"Who does teach music?" asked Amy; not that she felt very anxious about this now, for she had resolved to write and ask her mother to fetch them away as soon as possible.

"Sister Magdalen teaches some, and one or two of the novices as well. We give a good deal of time to music—at least most of us do," added the girl, significantly.

Before they left the playground to resume their studies the lay sister in charge of Milly's class took care to tell her that such a breach of discipline as she had been guilty of could not be passed over again. Milly only shook herself, however, and muttered something about speaking to her cousin whenever she pleased, a remark that the sister did not forget, although she appeared not to hear it at the time.

Study was resumed again when they left the playground and continued until twelve o'clock; then the girls were marched in single file and the strictest silence to the lavatory, where they might wash their hands and brush their hair, and the rule of silence was so far relaxed that a girl might speak in an undertone to her neighbor—a privilege the girls were not slow to avail themselves of, for the pleasure of hearing their own voices was so restricted they were not likely to let any opportunity slip where they could indulge it. Half an hour was allowed for this washing, and they then marched to the refectory to dinner, the reading being varied for this meal by legends of the lives of the saints being read aloud.

After dinner came recreation in the playground again, when care was taken that no girl should pass the boundary lines, as Milly had done in the morning; for such an example, if repeated, might bring about general insubordination, for the rule was unpopular enough even among the most obedient girls.

At two they returned to the school-room for half an hour's general study under the mistress-general, and then the classes went off to their own special rooms, or the music room.

Amy would have been delighted with her music lesson and teacher any where else, even as it was, it was an hour of almost unmixed enjoyment, for Sister Magdalen was a passionate lover of music herself, and spoke such appreciative words in praise of Amy's few excellences, and pointed out her faults so gently and patiently, that Amy

heaved a sigh of regret when the lesson was over.

"My sister Florie is more clever than I am, and loves music so very dearly that—that if you could teach her it would comfort her, I think, and draw her mind away from her grief." Amy said this as she rose from the music-stool, for she felt so anxious that her sister should have the benefit of this excellent teacher's instruction.

"You have lately lost your father, I think," said Sister Magdalen in a compassionate tone.

"Yes, and poor little Florie seems to be taking up the notion that she is in some way to blame for it; but it is quite a mistake, for she is such a dear, gentle girl, and so yielding and anxious to please everybody."

"I will give her a lesson myself, dear child; and speak a word to comfort her, too, if I can."

"O thank you, thank you! Florie will do you more credit than I shall," and Amy went away feeling quite happy in the thought that she had secured a friend for her sister in their excellent music teacher.

When lessons were over for the afternoon there was another recreation time in the playground, and then the girls marched to the refectory again for supper. After supper they passed on to the chapel for prayers, which lasted about a quarter of an hour. After this the classes marched to their own class-rooms for night study, during which no one was allowed to speak, not even to ask the solution of a difficulty of a neighbor or the nuns in charge. The lessons were those that had been set by the different teachers for the next day, and an hour was allowed for their preparation. After this followed another recreation time, during which the girls might sit at their desks and draw, or read, or write letters, or talk to each other in a low tone. This lasted half an hour, and then they returned to the chapel for night prayers, those who chose to absent themselves waiting in silence outside the chapel door. From the chapel they marched in silence to the dormitories, and thus ended our friends' first day at the convent school.

(To be continued.)

THE CHILDREN'S MISSION WORK.

BY MARY E. BAMFORD.

"There! it's all done," said Bertie Russell, as he surveyed the neat pile of wood that he had just finished splitting. "Now, this evening, father will give me twenty-five cents."

"Bertie, Bertie, where are you?" called Aunt Katie from the kitchen window.

"Here," answered Bertie from the wood-shed. "Come out and see my wood-pile, won't you auntie?"

Aunt Kate came to the back door and down the steps into the yard, still beating her eggs.

"Look there," said Bertie, pointing with pride to his work. "Haven't I been smart, auntie? I split and piled all that after school this week."

"That is a good deal of work for a ten-year old," said Aunt Kate looking at the pile.

"Father hired me," explained Bertie as he followed his aunt back to the kitchen. "You see, I wanted to earn some money awful bad, and I just tried every way I could think of to earn some, and father said if I would split and pile the wood he would pay me just the same as he would a hired man."

"But what did you want your money so much for?" asked his aunt

"Why," said Bertie, "our class have a missionary meeting Thursday afternoon, and teacher always wants us to bring some money to give to missions.

"If you had asked me, I would have given you some money," said his aunt.

"No," said Bertie, "that wouldn't have done at all. Teacher says that we ought to earn the money our own selves, so as to have it our own contributions. O auntie, won't you go with me to-morrow? The two little Chinese girls that we've been helping send to school, are coming over from San Francisco, and they are going to recite and sing. Won't you go?"

"Maybe I can," said Aunt Kate. "Is that what becomes of this mission money?"

"Yes," said Bertie. "It costs forty dollars to send a Chinese boy or girl to school at the Home for a year, and all the money that we scholars give goes toward that."

"Well, I'll go if I can," said Aunt Kate. Accordingly next day, Thursday, about three o'clock, Bertie showed his aunt the way to the church, and when they arrived there they both went into the large primary class-room. It was almost full of children who had just come from the day-schools. Aunt Kate and Bertie sat down an a bench near the wall and waited for a little while until the primary class teacher came.

"Pretty soon a Chinese girl, about ten years old, appeared at the door.

"That's one of the scholars," whispered Bertie. "She stays at the Chinese Home, but she hasn't been there very long and can't talk English as well as Chin Pav."

"Who is Chin Pav?" asked Aunt Kate.

"She is the youngest scholar in the Home," explained Bertie. "She is eight years old and she can talk English 'most as well as I can."

In a few minutes little Chin Pav came hurrying in with the other Chinese girl. Chin Pav had a bright, pleasant face, and she was dressed very finely. She wore a blouse of pink silk, trimmed around her neck and sleeves with blue. This blouse came down to her knees. Then she had on the large, loose trousers that Chinese women wear. They were made of bright green silk, trimmed with blue like the blouse. Her funny shoes had thick white soles and the tops were blue and pink. So, altogether, Chin Pav looked very queer and gay, like one of the Chinese pictures.

Her companion was not dressed so finely. She wore a green blouse and a skirt of dark cambric with American shoes. The two little girls stood on the platform before all the children.

"Now," said the teacher, "these two little girls will sing for us." And so Chin and her friend sang,

"Jesus loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so."

They had very sweet voices and spoke the words distinctly, but they did not sing very loudly for they felt rather afraid of so many white children. Next they sang one verse of

"I am so glad that our Father in Heaven
Tells of his love in the Book he has given."

After that, Chin Pav recited the parable of the prodigal son, word for word, very readily. Then she said the 23d Psalm and told what the Bible says about the idols that the Chinese worship.

"Their idols are silver and gold, the work of men's hands. They have mouths, but they speak not; eyes have they, but they see not. They have ears but they hear not; noses have they, but they smell not. They have hands, but they handle not; feet have they, but they walk not; neither speak they through their throat."

Afterwards, while the children were marching around the room, laying their money on the table, Aunt Kate went to the little girls and tried to talk with them. Their teacher was there with them and she answered almost all of the questions because the little girls were afraid to talk.

The teacher said that Mr. Hunter had found little Chin Pav wandering around with a woman who was unkind to her, and before Mr. Hunter brought the little girl to the Chinese home, she had been whipped so hard by this woman that her face and shoulders were all covered with blood. But now she had lived at the Home for two or three years, and was very happy, and, best of all, little Chin Pav thought she had become a Christian. She had not joined the church yet but she expected to very soon. There were four or five Chinese girls at the Home, the teacher said, who belonged to the Mission Church, and three afternoons, in each week, these Chinese girls held a prayer-meeting in their teacher's room, where they studied the Bible and prayed that the Chinese who now worship idols might soon learn to know of the only true God.

"Wasn't the meeting nice, auntie?" asked Bertie, as they were walking home.

"Very nice, indeed," said his aunt.

"Don't you think," said Bertie, "teacher says that there is a little Chinese boy that has just come to the Home, and maybe his mother will let him come over next missionary meeting. We are going to give some money for him next time."

"Do all the scholars earn the money that they give?" asked auntie. "I saw quite a little pile of five and ten-cent pieces on the table."

"I don't know whether all do or not," said Bertie, "but Arthur Hall earns his money by selling eggs. He has seven hens. Then Mabel Brown hemmed a table-cloth for her mother, and she got ten cents that way. I'm real glad that they are getting so many scholars at the Home, and I'm going to try and earn some more money for next missionary meeting, so that more Chinese girls and boys can learn to read the Bible and stop praying to idols."—*Morning Star.*

FORGIVE US OUR DEBTS AS WE FORGIVE OUR DEBTORS.

It was Harry's bedtime; but the bright May evening was so warm, that his mother had let him play out a little later than usual after supper. She went to the window now to call him, for his voice was heard raised rather loudly, and she was afraid he was in trouble.

"I'm coming, mamma," he called up to her, and in a few minutes she heard him on the stairs stamping a little more noisily than he was accustomed to do. He came in, his face all red with anger, as well as exercise.

"Mamma," he said, throwing himself on the floor with his head on her lap, "I can't bear Johnny Ellis. He is the meanest boy! I'll never speak to him again as long as I live."

"O Harry," replied his mother, sorrowfully, "don't talk so. Tell me what is the matter. What has he done!"

"Why, he's been pulling up all my Sunday-school flower-seeds. I was telling him how the teacher gave us each packages of them at Easter, and how you were going to buy bouquets from me for the supper-table every day, and I was going to put the money in the missionary-box. And he only laughed and said they were weeds, and he snatched at them, and—O mamma—." Here Harry cried so hard, that his mother could do nothing but try to comfort him for several minutes.

"Never mind, dear," she said, when he had become a little quiet. "I know it's very hard to bear, but I will give you more seeds of a kind that will be likely to bloom sooner than those you had planted. Some of those may come up yet. Now that the weather is getting warm, they will soon catch up with the others."

"Yes; but mamma, that will be so long to wait, and these were so big, and—I'll never love him again."

"O Harry!" said his mother sadly, "remember that in a few minutes you will say 'Our Father,' and then you will have to ask God to forgive you as you forgive others. If you don't forgive Johnny, you are asking God not to forgive you."

"But, mamma, I can't," Harry sobbed out. "How can we do that, when people are so mean and do us so much harm?"

"Think what the wicked men were doing who crucified Jesus," said his mother; "such a great harm, that nothing done to us seems anything by the side of it, and yet He said, 'Father, forgive them for they know not what they do.' What must he think of my little boy who can't forgive such a little thing as that?"

Harry, as usual when he was thinking hard, sat very still for a while, leaning his tired head against his mother. "Well," he said, at last, "perhaps Johnny didn't know just what he was doing, either. He is so little, and I guess he did think they were weeds. I'll try to forgive him."

"Suppose we pray together about it," said his mother, tenderly. So they knelt down and asked the dear Saviour, who forgives us so freely, to help Harry to keep his word.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

SKILLED LABOR.

Every mechanic and artisan should strive to excel in his work—to gain the highest skill, and to put as much thought as possible into what he is doing. Skilled labor is almost always paid the best. The more a man's mind goes down into what he is doing, the more excellent will be his work, and the quicker will he rise above the level of a mere human machine that day after day merely executes its task, but never improves.

CARE FOR ANIMALS.

Thou shalt not see thy brother's ox or his sheep go astray, and hide thyself from them: thou shalt in any case bring them again unto thy brother. And if thy brother be not nigh unto thee, or if thou know him not, then thou shalt bring it unto thine own house, and it shall be with thee until thy brother seek after it, and thou shalt restore it to him again.

In like manner shalt thou do with his ass; and so shalt thou do with his raiment; and with all lost things of thy brother's, which he has lost, and thou hast found, shalt thou do likewise: thou mayest not hide thyself.

Thou shalt not see thy brother's ass or ox fall down by the way, and hide thyself from them: thou shalt surely help him to lift them up again.—*Deut. chap.* 22.

Too Many have no idea of the subjection of their temper to the influence of religion, and yet what is changed if the temper is not? If a man is as passionate, malicious, resentful, sullen, moody, or morose, after his conversion as before it, what is he converted from or to?—*John Angell James.*

Question Corner.—No. 5.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed Editor Northern Messenger. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

49. What two nations that we read of in Deuteronomy, was God angry with for inhospitality?
50. In which book of the Bible is no allusion made to the history of the Jews?
51. What month was changed from one of mourning to one of joy unto the Jews?
52. Why was it so changed?
53. Name two women in the Old Testament who were the means of delivering their countrymen from death?
54. Name two kings with whom Solomon formed an alliance?
55. How did Jacob escape from the vengeance of Esau after he had obtained his father's blessing?
56. Where is Shechem?
57. Who is first mentioned as having risen to defend Israel after the death of Joshua?
58. To which of the twelve spies was he related, and how?
59. At the separation of the kingdoms of of Israel and Judah which of the tribes left the kingdom of Israel and came to dwell in Judah?
60. Why did they do so?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 3.

25. Seventy years.
26. Zedekiah. 2 Chron. xxxvi.
27. The tyranny of Rehoboam. 1 Kings xii.
28. Ahijah the Shilonite. 1 Kings xi. 30, 31.
29. Joash. 2 Chron. xxiv. 1.
30. The threshing floor of Araunah the Jebusite 2 Sam. xxiv. 18.
31. Solomon's Temple was built upon it. 2 Chron. iii. 1.
32. Samuel, 1 Sam. xvi. 1. Nathan, 2 Sam. vii. 2. Gad, 1 Sam. xxii. 5.
33. Three hundred. Judges vii. 8.
34. The king of Nineveh. Jonah iii.
35. The Gibeonites. Joshua ix.
36. Eighty-three years old. Ex. vii. 7.

TRANSPOSED ACROSTIC.

Pleasant words are as a honeycomb, sweet to the mouth and health to the bones.

Righteous lips are the delight of kings; and they love him that speaketh right.

Only with pride cometh contention; but with the well-advised is wisdom.

Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher, vanity of vanities, all is vanity.

Every word of God is pure, He is a shield unto them that put their trust in Him.

Remove not the ancient landmarks which thy fathers have set.

Be not thou envious against evil men, neither desire to be with them.

Say unto wisdom, Thou art my sister, and call understanding thy kinswoman.

Open rebuke is better than secret love.

Faithful are the wounds of a friend; but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful.

Say not unto thy neighbor, go, and come again, and to-morrow I will give thee, when thou hast it by thee.

Open thy mouth, judge righteously, and plead the cause of the poor and needy.

Labor not to be rich; cease from thine own wisdom.

O ye simple, understand wisdom; and, ye fools be of an understanding heart.

Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.

Open the mouth of the dumb in the cause of all such as are appointed to destruction.

Now, therefore, hearken unto me, O ye children; for blessed are they that keep my ways.—Proverbs of Solomon.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 2.—Alexander George Burr, 12 ac: Clara N. Searcliff, 12 ac; W. J. Beattie, 12 ac; Jemima E. Matthewson, 12 ac; Mary D. Clarke, 12 ac; David Patterson, 12; Emma Johns, 12; M. H. Piersons, 11 ac; Susie Prescott, 11 ac; Jennie Rowley, 11; Lizzie F. Weatherby, 5.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON XIII.

March 26, 1882.]

REVIEW EXERCISE.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives."—ISA. 61:1.

ORDER OF SERVICE.

[Allow ten minutes before the service for collecting the library books and for attention to class details.]

1. Two taps of bell, call school to order.

2. One tap, silent prayer, closing with the Lord's Prayer in concert.

3. Singing (all standing).

4. RESPONSIVE READING:

Superintendent.—How amiable are thy tabernacles, O LORD of hosts!

School.—My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the LORD: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

Supt.—Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee.

School.—Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee.

Supt.—O LORD God of hosts, hear my prayer; give ear, O God of Jacob.

School.—Behold, O God our shield, and look upon the face of thine anointed.

Supt.—For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand.

School.—I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

Supt.—One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after;

School.—That I may dwell in the house of the LORD all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the LORD and to enquire in his temple.

Supt.—We have thought of thy loving-kindness, O God, in the midst of thy temple.

School.—Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God.

Supt.—According to thy name, O God, so is thy praise unto the ends of the earth.

School.—For this God is our God for ever and ever: he will be our guide even unto death.

All.—O LORD of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

5. Singing: Doxology.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

6. Repeating the Ten Commandments or the Apostles' Creed in concert.

7. Prayer, led by the superintendent.

LESS. I. *Superintendent.*—What was John's testimony to Jesus?

School.—There cometh one mightier than I after me....he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost. 1:7, 8.

Supt.—How did the Father testify to Jesus at his baptism?

School.—Thou art my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased. 1:11.

II. *Supt.*—What did Jesus do when John was cast into prison?

School.—Jesus came into Galilee, preaching the gospel of the kingdom of God. 1:14.

Supt.—What effect had his teaching?

School.—They were astonished at his doctrine, for he taught them as one that had authority and not as the scribes. 1:22.

III. *Supt.*—What did the leper say to Jesus?

School.—Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean. 1:40.

Supt.—How did Jesus answer him?

School.—Jesus, moved with compassion, put forth his hand, and touched him, and saith unto him, I will; be thou clean. 1:41.

Singing.—Hymn.

IV. *Supt.*—What did Jesus say to one sick of the palsy?

School.—Son, thy sins be forgiven thee. 2:5.

Supt.—How did he prove his power on earth to forgive sins?

School.—He saith to the sick of the palsy, I say unto thee, Arise, and take up thy bed, and go thy way into thine house. And immediately he arose, took up the bed, and went forth before them all. 2:10-12.

V. *Supt.*—What did Jesus say about the Sabbath?

School.—The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath. Therefore the Son of man is Lord also of the Sabbath. 2:27, 28

VI. *Supt.*—Whom did Jesus choose as apostles?

School.—He ordained twelve, that they should be with him, and that he might send them forth to preach. 3:14.

Singing.—Hymn.

VII. *Supt.*—Who did Jesus say were his nearest relatives?

School.—Whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother, and my sister, and mother. 3:35.

VIII. *Supt.*—Who are they which are as seed sown on good ground?

School.—Such as hear the word, and receive it, and bring forth fruit, some thirtyfold, some sixty and some an hundred. 4:20.

Supt.—How did Jesus close the parable of the Sower?

School.—He said unto them, He that hath ears to hear, let him hear. 4:9.

IX. *Supt.*—To what did Jesus liken the kingdom of God?

School.—It is like a grain of mustard-seed, which, when it is sown in the earth, is less than all the seeds that be in the earth; but when it is sown, it groweth up and becometh greater than all herbs and shooteth out great branches; so that the fowls of the air may lodge under the shadow of it. 4:31, 32.

Singing.—Hymn.

X. *Supt.*—How did Jesus still the tempest?

School.—He arose, and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace be still. And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm. 4:39.

XI. *Supt.*—Who met Jesus in the country of the Gadarenes?

School.—There met him out of the tombs a man with an unclean spirit. 5:2.

Supt.—What did Jesus say to him?

School.—Come out of the man, thou unclean spirit. 5:8.

Supt.—In what condition did the people find the man?

School.—They came to Jesus, and see him that was possessed with the devil, and had the legion, sitting, and clothed, and in his right mind. 5:15.

XII. *Supt.*—What was the prayer of the ruler of the synagogue?

School.—My little daughter lieth at the point of death: I pray thee, come and lay thy hands on her, that she may be healed; and she shall live. 5:23.

Supt.—What did Jesus say when they heard she was dead?

School.—Be not afraid, only believe. 5:36.

Supt.—What did Jesus do when they came to the house?

School.—He took the damsel by the hand, and said unto her, Talitha cumi; which is being interpreted, Damsel, I say unto thee, arise. And straightway the damsel arose. 5:41, 42.

Singing.—Hymn.

Review drill on titles, Topics, Golden Texts, Catechism and Review Questions.

Close in the usual manner.

SECOND QUARTER.

LESSON 1.

April 2, 1882.] [Mark 6:1-13.

THE MISSION OF THE TWELVE.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 10 12.

1. And he went out from thence, and came into his own country; and his disciples follow him.

2. And when the sabbath day was come, he began to teach in the synagogue: and many hearing him were astonished, saying, From whence hath this man these things? and what wisdom is this which is given unto him, that even such mighty works are wrought by his hands?

3. Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary, the brother of James, and Joses, and of Juda, and Simon? and are not his sisters here with us? And they were offended at him.

4. But Jesus said unto them, A prophet is not without honor, but in his own country, and among his own kin, and in his own house.

5. And he could do there no mighty work, save that he laid his hands upon a few sick folk, and healed them.

6. And he marvelled because of their unbelief. And he went round about the villages, teaching.

7. And he called unto him the twelve, and began to send them forth by two and two; and gave them power over unclean spirits.

8. And commanded them that they should take nothing for their journey, save a staff only; no scrip, no bread, no money in their purse:

9. But be shod with sandals; and not put on two coats.

10. And he said unto them, In what place soever ye enter into an house, there abide till ye depart from that place.

11. And whosoever shall not receive you nor hear you when ye depart thence, shake off the dust under your feet for a testimony against them. Verily I say unto you, It shall be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrha in the day of judgment, than for that city.

12. And they went out, and preached that men should repent.

13. And they cast out many devils, and anointed with oil many that were sick, and healed them.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"He that receiveth you receiveth me: and he that receiveth me receiveth him that sent me."—MATT. 10:40.

TOPIC.—Jesus Offering Life.

LESSON PLAN.—1. THE REJECTION AT NAZARETH. 2. THE TWELVE SENT FORTH.

Time.—Winter, A. D. 29. Place.—Nazareth and Lower Galilee.

HELPS TO STUDY.

INTRODUCTORY.—Jesus, on his return from the house of Jairus, restored two blind men to sight (Matt. 9:27-31), and healed a dumb demoniac. Leaving Capernaum, he went with his disciples into Lower Galilee and again visited Nazareth. Rejected there a second time, he went through the cities and villages of that region. During this circuit he sent out the twelve apostles,

I. THE REJECTION AT NAZARETH.—(1-6.) V. 1. FROM THENCE—Capernaum. HIS OWN COUNTRY—Nazareth. V. 2. ASTONISHED—they could not deny his wisdom or his miracles, but their envy and malice were so strong that, while they wondered at them, they rejected him. V. 3. IS NOT THIS THE CARPENTER—Jesus probably had worked at this trade at Nazareth. THE BROTHER OF JAMES—see Mark 3:31. OFFENDED AT HIM—made to stumble, led into error with regard to him. NOT WITHOUT HONOR—a Jewish proverb expressing a truth to which the case of Jesus was no exception. They could not overcome the prejudices arising from their knowing him familiarly. V. 5. NO MIGHTY WORK—his power was not changed, but the unbelieving would not come to be healed, and thus unbelief prevented the exercise of his healing power. So unbelief now hinders us from receiving the blessings he is both able and willing to give. Isa. 59:1, 2; Mark 9:23; Heb. 4:2. V. 6. HE MARVELLED—Their unbelief was a real wonder to him. Compare Matt. 8:10.

II. THE TWELVE SENT FORTH.—(7-13.) V. 7. THE TWELVE—he had chosen them some time before, ch. 3:13-19. TWO AND TWO—that each might have a companion in labor. Eccles. 4:9. GAVE THEM POWER—he not only worked miracles himself, but he also gave others the power to work them. V. 8. TAKE NOTHING—their work required haste, and they were not to burden themselves with baggage; they must trust that God would provide for their wants while in his service. SCRIP—a bag or knapsack for provisions. V. 9. TWO COATS—they were to go in the simplest manner, believing that they would not lack the necessities of life. V. 10. THERE ABIDE—do not waste time or seem over-anxious for comfort by going from house to house. V. 11. RECEIVE YOU—hear and believe your message. SHAKE OFF (Acts 13:51; 18:6)—a sign that they were given over to destruction. FOR A TESTIMONY—that Christ had been offered to them and they would not receive him. MORE TOLERABLE—their punishment will be more easily borne than that of the people who reject the gospel. V. 12. THAT MEN SHOULD REPENT—this was both the subject and the object of their preaching. V. 13. These miracles were proof that God had sent them. ANOINTED WITH OIL—as a sign of the spiritual grace by which the miracle was wrought.

TEACHINGS:

1. Eternal life is freely offered to us in the gospel.

2. We should receive the offer with thankful hearts.

3. We should not let unbelief keep us from Christ.

4. A superficial knowledge of Jesus may prevent a truer and more spiritual acquaintance with him.

5. Those who receive the gospel are greatly blessed.

6. If we neglect the gospel, we are more guilty than the heathen, and will be more sorely punished.

REMEMBER that Jesus sends ministers and teachers to point out to you the way of life. If you listen to these offers and instructions, he will give you the promised blessing. If you neglect and reject them, you cannot enter into life. Receive the gospel offer yourself, and then do all you can to give it to others.

CONSCIENCE.

Conscious sin creates dangers for itself, and imagines an accusing voice in everything.

Bessus, a native of Pelonia, in Greece, was seen one day by his neighbors angrily destroying some birds' nests near his house and killing the young. They rebuked him and asked the reason of his cruelty, and the wretch finally confessed that the notes of the birds had become intolerable to him, for they never ceased twitting him of the murder of his father.

In the bar-room of a certain tavern the landlord sat in a corner talking in a low tone with one of his neighbors about a swarm of bees. Two travellers in another part of the room overheard a little of the conversation, and one of them whispered in alarm, "Didn't he say beans?" "I think he did," said the other; and a moment after both of them were missing. Several years before, these very men had swindled the same landlord out of the price of a night's supper and lodging, and stolen from him a bag of beans besides.

An old man dying in a poor-house sent for a minister to hear a confession he had to make. Forty years before, (he said) while crossing a common, he saw two men putting up a guideboard, and as soon as they were out of sight he went and turned it in an opposite direction. It had always been a heavy burden on his conscience to think how many poor travellers he had sent the wrong way.—*Monthly Cabinet of Illustrations.*

SIMPLICITY OF FAITH.

Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.—John 20:29.

A pastor in visiting a member of his Church found her very sick, apparently dying. He said to her—

"Mrs. M. you seem to be very sick."

"Yes," said she, "I am dying."

"And are you ready to die?"

She lifted her eyes upon him with a solemn and fixed gaze, and speaking with great difficulty, she replied—

"Sir, God knows——I have taken him ——at his word——and——I am not afraid to die."

It was a new definition of faith.

"I have taken him at his word." What a triumph of faith. "God knows I have taken him at his word, and I am not afraid to die." It was just the thing for her to say. What else could she have said that would have expressed so much, in so few words.

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